



L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. McPIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1867.

NUMBER 41.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE!

D. W. HARSBERGER & CO.,
MAIN STREET,
APPOSITE SCOTT HOUSE,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Keep constantly for sale the largest and best assortment of pure

DRUGS & MEDICINES
IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
Alcohol, Turpentine,

Pure Wines and Liquors, best brands,
4900 Lbs. White Lead,

EYES, DYE-STUFFS, GLASS, PUTTY,
And in fact everything kept in a first-class
Drug Store, all of which will be

SOLD AT CITY PRICES,

WISHLER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS,
by the dozen or by the gallon.

OUR STOCK OF
Perfumeries and Toilet Articles
is acknowledged by all judges to be the
LARGEST IN QUANTITY
AND FINEST IN QUALITY
OF ANY IN OUR TOWN.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
SHARP'S MOUNTAIN HARD BITTERS
AND
SHARP'S MAGIC OINTMENT!

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED AT
LOWEST PRICES.

Johnstown, Aug. 15, 1867-ly.

BEYOND COMPETITION!

ESTABLISHED 1856.

THE OLDEST

DRUG STORE

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

C. T. FRAZER

Keeps constantly on hand the

LARGEST,

CHEAPEST

AND BEST

ASSORTMENT OF GOODS PERTAIN-

ING TO THE

DRUG BUSINESS

In the County, which he offers

AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

TO THE TRADE AND PUBLIC

AT LOWEST RATES!

C. T. FRAZER.

Franklin Street,
(OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.)

JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

QUICK SALES,

QUICK SALES,

QUICK SALES,

AND SMALL PROFITS,
AND SMALL PROFITS,
AND SMALL PROFITS,

GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,
GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,
GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,

EBENSBURG, PA.
EBENSBURG, PA.
EBENSBURG, PA.

1867. FALL TRADE. 1867.

I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
TIN & SHEET-IRON WARE!

EITHER AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of
Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN
SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c.,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL

CANS, HOUSE-FURNISHING HARD-

WARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spears' Anti-Dust
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOK-

ING STOVES,

And any Cooking Store desired I will get
when ordered at manufacturer's prices—
Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for re-
pairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others
will be ordered when wanted. Particular
attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best mat-
erials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light
House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving
more light than any other in use. Also, the
Paragon Burner, for Grude Oil.

SPENCER'S BIFTER!

It recommends itself.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to
Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS

now ready, and will be sent on application
by mail or in person.

Hoping to see all my old customers and
many new ones this Spring, I return my
most sincere thanks for the very liberal pa-
tronage I have already received, and will
endeavor to please all who may call, wheth-
er they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY,

Johnstown, March 7, 1867-6m.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

TO CASH BUYERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the
citizens of Ebensburg and the public gener-
ally that he has made a great reduction in
prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will
consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heat-*
ing Stoves, of the most popular kinds; *Iron*
ware of every description, of my own man-
ufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as
Locks, Saws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges,
Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Win-
dow Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks,
Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters,
Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in
great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and
Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring
Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Com-
passes, Squares, Files, Knaps, Anvils, Vices,
Wrenches, Bits, Pans and Cross-Cut Saws,
Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes,
and Spaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells,
Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes
Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses
Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse
Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot
Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Pow-
der, Caps, Lead, &c., Old Stove Plates,
Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern
Pumps and Tubing; Harness and Saddlery
Ware of all kind; Wooden and Willow Ware
in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps,
Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Lined Oil, Lubricating
Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnish
es, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syr-
up, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples,
Fish, Herring, Crackers, Rice and Pearl
Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and
CIGARS; Paint, White Wash, Scrub, Horse,
Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and
Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed
Cords and Manila Ropes, and many other
articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

(By House Spouting made, painted and put
up at low rates for cash. A liberal discount
made to country dealers buying Tinware
wholesale.)

GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867-4f.

The Poet's Department.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season—
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair Summer could
bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The Sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The Flowers, have not yet passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year—
Thou darling whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of
Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Doth thou a lust bright restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of childhood once more.
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A STRANGE INSTANCE OF ITS UNCERTAINTY.

A letter from Plattsburg to the Albany
Evening Journal gives particulars of a sup-
posed murder which are very remarkable.
They relate to the case of a man supposed
to have been murdered in 1856, a dead
body found and identified as his, and the
arrest and virtual conviction of his sup-
posed murderer. We extract the follow-
ing particulars:

In the latter part of June, 1856, Cap-
tain John G. Weatherwax, attended by
his cousin, Andrew Weatherwax, sailed
in a lake boat from Plattsburg for a Cana-
dian port. Having discharged his cargo
he came with his boat to Pike river, a
stream or estuary, that empties into or
connects with Lake Champlain, just be-
yond the Canada line, and upon the east
side of the lake. At Pike river there was
a settlement of considerable extent, and
a wharf at which the boat conveniently
moored. Here Captain Weatherwax was
to obtain a loading of wood, with which
to freight his boat and return to Plattsburg.

During the day the two had a violent
quarrel, which was witnessed by a man
employed on the boat. It was at its
height about 8 o'clock, both persons threat-
ening each other. At length "here came
through the darkness to the ear of the
listener the sound of a dull, heavy thud,
as if of a powerful blow with some heavy
weapon crushing through the skull, and
all was still. Soon after this the captain
came aft, but without his cousin." Next
morning the hat of Andrew, and blood
near it, was found on the forward deck of
the vessel. The captain was moody and
taciturn, and did not speak of his cousin.
The captain of another boat, a little dis-
tance off, also heard the altercation and
the blows.

After his return to Plattsburg, Captain
Weatherwax gave no satisfactory answer
to the inquiries for the missing man. On
the very spot at Pike river where his boat
had been moored, the dead body of a man,
recently killed, was taken from the water.
The man had evidently come to his death
by violence, for his skull was crushed as
if by a fearful blow from a murderous
weapon in the hands of a vigorous assailant.
The body was identified. The man recog-
nized it as being beyond a question or
a doubt the man who had been missing
from the boat, as Andrew, the cousin of
Captain Weatherwax.

The Captain was arrested, Mr. S. D.
M. Beck with issuing the warrant on the
8th of July. The preliminary examina-
tion brought out the most conclusive evi-
dence of his guilt. There was no doubt
of his conviction. His ingenious counsel
brought out the resources of the resources
of international law and treaties. They suc-
ceeded in establishing themselves in the
position, that inasmuch as this affair had
taken place in Canada, neither the authori-
ties of Plattsburg nor of Clinton county,
nor yet of the State of New York, had
anything to do with the matter.

One of them, Mr. McMasters, then rec-
ommended his client to flee from his native
country, to change his name and appear-
ance, to go to the end of some unfrequented

A ROMANTIC LIFE.

A woman died recently in the Nashville
almshouse, who was at one time the wife
of the famous Ned. Buntline, and at an-
other the mistress of Ben. McCulloch, the
Texan Ranger. The date of her registry
was "July the 26th." The name entered
was "Martha Leguire." But she went
by various pseudonyms, and was origi-
nally a Cuban, born at Havana, and
raised in New Orleans. Her true name
was Mary Cordova.

The story of her life is rather romantic.
Her father was a tobaccoist, and the first
mention made of her was when she was
a girl fourteen or fifteen years of age, when
she was known in the Crescent City as
"the pretty cigar girl of Canal street."

She attended at the patriarchal shop, both
wrapped and sold the choicest principles,
and added to her charms and her reputation
by an exceedingly coy modesty that
defied assault.

Buntline, before he came to Nashville
and was involved in the fearful tragedy
that is associated with his name, lived a
thrillful, dare-devil life in Texas, on the
prairies, upon the gulf coast, and about
New Orleans. He was a handsome young
fellow of obscure origin, ready talent, neat
address and varied accomplishments.

His meeting with the pretty cigar girl
was an accident, and his suit was long and
difficult. At last he had to marry her,
and so three weeks after the marriage the
couple suddenly disappeared. There are
various accounts of their absence. It was
said that (he is a General now,) com-
manded a brig in the Caribbean seas, and
did business as an active and fearless pi-
rate. It was reported that he had gone
to Texas to see Judge Watrous, and
claim the fortune left by Lafitte. It was
sworn to in court that he had retired on
the proceeds of a faro bank, in which he
was interested, and fitted him up a ranche
at Corpus Christi. Most likely the latter
is the correct version.

In 1847, when McCulloch appeared at
the head of the scouts or rangers, by which
Old Zack set such store, he had with him
an orderly, remarkable for his retiring,
modest disposition; his intelligence, and
his handsome girlish face. This orderly,
it will be remembered, accompanied him
through the campaign, being wounded in
front of Perote, and left with the *masas*
of Santa Cruz at the old convent near Pa-
rede's hacienda. McCulloch was always
careful of the secret, but somehow it leak-
ed out. The orderly was a person of the
tender sex; was, in fact, the pretty cigar
girl of Canal street.

When the ranger had found her, how
the pirate had become separated from her,
are points on which we are unable to en-
lighten the reader. McCulloch never saw
her again. He left her at Perote, was
wounded himself at Cherubusco, conveyed
to Vera Cruz, and thence ordered to Wash-
ington. Whether he ever made an effort
to regain his lost orderly is unknown. She
remained at the monastery for nearly ten
years.

Not yet shorn of her beauty, she ap-
peared in the city of Managua, Central
America, at the time of the entrance of
General Henningsen, and there made the
acquaintance of a gambling filibuster, well
known in New Orleans and Nashville,
whom she accompanied to the States.
Her descent from a monastery to a monte
table, and from a gambling hell to a com-
mon brothel, and from infamy to pauper-
ism, was very gradual, but also very sure.

She found herself, during the winter of
1865, at the close of the war, in Nash-
ville. She had been sent North from At-
lanta by Sherman, when he depopulated
that city, first to Cincinnati and then to
Louisville. The last act of an eventful
career opened in a little out-house of
Nashville. For a few weeks she employ-
ed herself as a sewing woman, but give
way to drink, and, after the customary
seasons of arrest and punishment, relapsed
into hopeless mendicancy, and finally into
the poorhouse.

Here she died and hence she was car-
ried to an unmarked grave. One who
saw her after the body was decently clad
for interment represents that she presented
a most beautiful but saddening spectacle.
The traces of the original charm that had
singled her out of a city full of Creole
girls still remained, though dim and mar-
red by the signs of want and sorrow and
dissipation that overspread them.

We give the story, such as it is, as one
of the illustrations that now and then oc-
cur in common life, representing the more
romantic side of familiar things. It is
more suggestive than complete or sat-
isfactory, and will recall a train of events
to the minds of some readers. Two of
the parties, at least, mentioned in it are
well known to the general public. The
principal is, indeed, known only to a few,
and they, the vicious, who knew her for
no good, and the charitable, who know
her only to minister to her last offices
of nature and of nature's God.

A GOOD STORY is told of a fellow at a
cattle show who was making himself ridi-
culously conspicuous by an evident inten-
tion of finding fault with everything. At
last he burst forth with:

"Call these prize cattle? Why, they
ain't nothing to what our folks raised!
My father raised the biggest calf of any
man round our parts!"

"Don't doubt it," was the timely remark.

NOTED IMPOSTORS.

Men have always been fond of power
and influence; and when they could not
be obtained by legitimate means, have re-
sorted to tricks and impostures. A few of
the more celebrated of these impostures
may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

Albert, in the eighth century, pretended
that he had a letter from the Redeemer,
which fell from Heaven at Jerusalem, and
thus induced multitudes to follow him.

Gonsalvo Michael pretended to be the
angel Michael, and was burnt for his heresy
by the Spanish Inquisition, in 1680.

George David, the son of a waterman
at Ghent, styled himself the nephew of
God, sent into the world to adopt children
worthy of Heaven. He denied the resur-
rection, preached against marriage, in
favor of a community of women, and
taught that the body could only be defiled
by sin.

Sabbata Levi, a Jew of Smyrna, pre-
tended to be the Saviour, in 1666.

Elizabeth Barton, known as the Holy
Maid of Kent, pretended to be inspired,
and foretold that Henry VIII. would have
an early and violent death if he divorced
Catherine of Arragon and married Anne
Boleyn. She and her accomplice were
hanged in 1534.

In the first year of Queen Mary's reign
in England, Elizabeth Croft, a girl of 18
years of age, was secreted in a wall, and
there uttered many seditious speeches
against the queen, and the mass and the
confession. She was called the Spirit of
the Wall.

William Hacket, a fanatic, personated
our Saviour, and was executed for blas-
phemy, in England, in 1591.

James Naylor also represented himself
to be the Saviour. He was convicted of
blasphemy, whipped and had his tongue
bored through with a hot iron, by order
of the House of Commons during Crom-
well's administration.

The Cock lane ghost is often alluded to
by writers of the last century. William
Parsons and his wife were the authors of
this imposture, in 1762. They had a fe-
male ventriloquist, by whose aid they
made a credulous multitude believe in the
existence of a ghost, at the house No. 88
Cock lane, London. The parties were
punished by imprisonment and in the pi-
llory.

In the United States, Matthias is the
most celebrated impostor on record. He
pretended to be the Messiah, obtained
many followers, and was tried for blas-
phemy, in New York, in the year 1830.

A MYSTERIOUS HAIR CUTTER.—The
Evansville (Ind.) Courier tells the follow-
ing marvelous story:

One of the most mysterious circum-
stances we have ever seen recorded occur-
red in Goodsville yesterday morning—a wo-
man's hair being cut from her head by an
unknown hand. We learn the following
particulars of this strange affair from a
gentleman who saw the hair which was
cut from the lady's head: "As Miss
Meyer, a daughter of J. Meyer, residing
in Goodsville, was going up in a stable
loft for some purpose or other, and when
half way up the ladder, she felt something
touch her on the back of the head. She
paid no attention to this, but continued
her way up. Again she felt it, and more
sensibly—this time feeling a keen cut
through her hair. She fell to the floor of
the stable with a sharp scream, which
brought the family to her rescue. On an
examination it was discovered that the
braids of her hair had been cut off—her
hair being done up in two braids. The
hair was cut about four inches from the
skin, and could not have been done with
a scissor, as she would have felt that in-
strument. The family, on coming to the
girl's assistance, searched the premises,
but could find nobody or nothing to in-
dicate that any person had been in the
loft, though there is an opening on the inside,
through which a person could jump out.
The young lady herself neither saw nor
heard anything. The braid of her hair
was found afterwards in the stable. It
had the appearance of being cut even, and
with a sharp instrument. This is indeed
a strange case."

THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.—Where-
ever Columbus went he had Mass per-
formed. It must have been a strange
sight to the rude and trembling natives to
witness this imposing ceremonial of the
church of Rome. At Havana a chapel
still exists on the spot where the natives
first witnessed this grand and novel sight
—where for the first time that name
which is above every name, and to which
every knee shall bow, was first heard in
America. At Isabella, in Hayti, the
pillars of the first church still remain.
At the present day it is quite overgrown
with forest, and in the midst of this forest
are still to be seen, partly standing, the
pillars of the church, some remains of the
king's storehouses, and part of the resi-
dence of Columbus—all built of stone.

THE mountains of Segar, in Arabia,
produce frank-incense; and those of Saffra,
the balm of Mecca from the amyris opo-
bassum, which in the early ages sold for
its weight in gold.

EARTH is catch as bread in several
parts of the world. Near Moscow, a hill
furnishes earth of this description, which

A Legend of the Great Eastern.

There is a wild legend in connection
with the Great Eastern steamship, the ori-
gin of which I do not know, but the ship-
wrights firmly believe in it. So much has
been written about the construction of this
famous vessel, that the slightest allusion
to it here will suffice. She is a ship with
two cases, or skins, as they are called;
that is, she is almost like one ship fitted
inside another. Between the inner and
outer skins the workmen can crawl for re-
pairs. Dreadfully dark and sepulchral,
of course, it is in there, for from the na-
ture of the space, the workman must be
completely closed in, excepting at the
spots at which he enters. Very few
smiths or shipwrights would care to work
in there alone, for two terrible spectres are
supposed to haunt the place. Almost all
the men who were engaged in the con-
struction of the vessel believe that, a mi-
nute where there in the darkness and thick air,
lie two skeletons which never can be found
till the vessel is broken up. These are
the remains of a smith and his riveter,
the latter being a lad. During the con-
struction of the vessel these two worked
all through the week, keeping full time,
and their work lay in between the skins.
The smith was an elderly man, of a
moody temper, who made no friends, and
was not popular with his mates. No one
had seen him leaving work; nobody was
interested about him. But one pay-day
both he and his lad failed to appear at the
pay-table to draw their money. They
never were heard of any more by any one
who worked on the Great Eastern. Of
course their absence was noticed by the
time keeper and other officials; but the
missing men being as I have said, unpopu-
lar with their comrades, there had been
very little inquiry about them until it was
found that their money was not claimed.
It was then soon noted that the last time
they had been seen they were at work in
the "case" of the ship, and before long it
became a fixed notion that by a fall, or by
the effect of some vapor, the two men had
been killed, or stunned until closed in, and
all the host of men who worked at the
great ship believed that somewhere in the
vast hulk there lay two skeletons which
for some reason could never be found;
the prosaic idea that the old fellow and his
lad had left without meaning for a bet-
ter job, finding, of course, no favor.—
Cassell's Magazine.

A SECOND EVANGELINE.—On the steam-
er which recently passed up to Montana,
was a young girl of scarce eighteen, who
goes to the distant land of gold to meet her
affianced. Four years ago she met and
loved a young student in a German uni-
versity. Their trysting place might not
have been at "Bingen on the Rhine," but
"twas just such a romantic spot not many
leagues distant. Her attachment was
reciprocated, and troth was plighted.
Three years since the bridegroom came to
America, and sought his fortune amid the
placers of Montana, shortly securing a
lucrative position as superintendent of a
successful mining company. A few weeks
ago a brief message darted across the
continents and three thousand miles of
ocean in a single day, and found this beau-
tiful, uneducated girl surrounded by
all the endearments of a home of wealth
and refinement. It told her that near the
far-off shores of the Pacific some one
waited her coming. A few days later
and she was rocking upon the bosom of
the broad Atlantic, and later still she dis-
embarked in a strange land, the language
and customs of whose people were new to
her. She is now slowly and happily ac-
cording the Missouri, confident that her
bridegroom is expecting her, having trav-
eled alone from the banks of the Baltic
to meet him. Suppose he should have
died during her journey! What then?
—[St. Joseph Union.

ASTONISHED RED MEN.—A band of
Indians made a sudden attack on a de-
tachment of our soldiers in the mountains.
The soldiers had a mountain howitzer
mounted on a mule. Not having time to
take it off and put in position, they back-
ed up the mule and let drive at the Indians.
The load was so heavy that the mule and
all went down the hill towards the savages,
who, not understanding that kind of war-
fare, fled like deer. Afterward one of
them was captured, and when asked why
he ran so, replied: "Me big Injin, not
afraid of little guns nor big guns, but when
white man load up and fire a whole jack-
ass on Injin, me don't know what to do."
—Nashville Press.

CHINESE PROVERBS.—What is told in
the ear is often heard a hundred miles.
Riches come better after poverty than
poverty after